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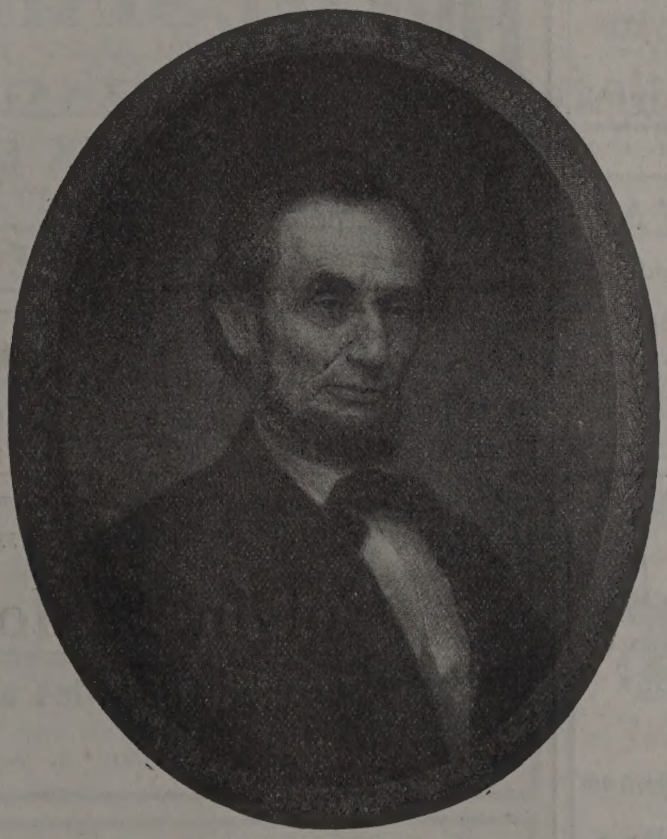

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Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.
—Lowell.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1913. NUMBER 24.

"He grew according to the need,
And as the problem grew,
So did his comprehension of it."
—*Emerson on Lincoln.*

Recent bulletins from the Chicago Department of Health indicate that the fatalities from scarlet fever and dipththeria, which amount to almost an epidemic, run higher among the well-to-do in the favored districts along the Lake Shore, than among the more wretched in the less sanitary sections. This fact is enforced by convincing figures, but the explanation is not given. Why is it so? What is the matter with these homes that are guarded by all that money can secure in the way of sanitation, nurses and other precautions dictated by science? Who will answer?

A high official having much to do with dependent and delinquent children, calls our attention, apropos of the Jubilee Celebration of the Emancipation Proclamation, to "one phase of the question right in our own midst, much overlooked, namely, the lack of adequate facilities for taking care of dependent colored children. Theoretically, the institutions for the care of dependent children admit white and colored boys and girls without discrimination. Practically, this is not the fact, and the Juvenile Court is handicapped very much by the prevalence of this discrimination against the colored dependent boys and girls." We are told that there is at the present time no home or institution in Chicago, under Protestant or public management, where colored dependent children can be committed. The Catholics, to their credit be it said, maintain "The Illinois Technical School for Colored Girls," to the privileges of which girls are received without regard to religious preferences. Surely here is a need that ought not to go unattended to.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the *Chicago American,* a daily paper, has discontinued all advertising of whisky. We hope that this is a rule to be observed by all Hearst publications. Be that as it may, it is a commendable step taken. We realize full well that the motive which led to this step will be a matter of discussion. It will be suspected by many as another sensation and an ingenious case of advertising which will more than make up for any deficiency that may come from this expurgation of the advertising columns. Into these questions we will not enter. We are glad to take the fact on its face value. The advertising business is fraught with commercial fallacies and ethical dangers, at best. The psychology, ethics and economics of advertising are problems that reach deep into practical sociology, demanding academic handling by the most astute scholars. Where is the university whose sociological department is prepared to lead students into the mystery, the immoralities, the wastefulness and the legitimacies of advertising? Pending such work we rejoice in one daily paper, at least, that refuses itself to the service of the saloon and the distillery. Here is a declaration on the part of a Chicago evening paper to which we are glad to extend publicity:

> Hereafter, to the extent of our ability, the same standard of morality, accuracy and good taste which we attempt to enforce in the columns devoted to news and comment will be applied equally to the business announcements.

The Christopher House, 1618 Fullerton Avenue,—as reported in the *Journal of Social and Civic Chicago*"—is in the midst of a Servian Settlement: "The largest by far of any other colony in the city. According to immigration statistics it is the only place in the city where there is that Servian spirit of industry and family life. They have their own Servian butcher shops, groceries, tailor-shops, reading rooms, restaurants, pool-rooms and saloons." Necessarily this house is non-sectarian and pan-racial. The report says farther: "We have no church in connection with our work, but we have the usual religious Sunday services. The Sunday morning service was started eight months ago and was met with warm response. We have an afternoon Sabbath school of 225, which children of all ages attend." Has not the Christopher House ventured into a waiting opportunity? Have not "Settlements" neglected their Sunday opportunities? Is it not possible, in the spirit of social centers, to provide such a Sunday service as will appeal to a certain proportion of their weekday constituency and meet a long felt want? Here is a chance to demonstrate that it is possible to sing hymns together as well as to sing patriotic songs; if only the hymns be selected with sufficient care, hospitality and liberality. Is there not a place for a certain simple element of worship which while offending no one, may touch and help some lives? But above these, the less difficult opportunity awaits the Settlement. The erection of a peoples' pulpit to which cleric and laity, men and women, representing many faiths,—and when need be, differing languages,—will be invited to give their constructive message con-

cerning the well being of society, not avoiding the profundities of the soul. "Settlements," thus far, have with more or less dexterity, avoided the Sunday opportunity. With more or less frankness they have disclaimed any religious purposes as interpreted by the organized institutions of religion. Is there not a step farther to be taken? Are there not other "Settlement" houses which have ventured to undertake what the Christopher House in Chicago has undertaken?

The social and civic centers of Chicago have risen to the dignity of an organ. *The Journal of Social and Civic Chicago* has reached its second number. It promises to appear ten times during the year; is published in the "interest of good citizenship," and is offered for a subscription price of fifty cents per annum or five cents per copy. The address is 1514 South Turner Avenue, Chicago. Twenty-four different centers are announced as "Contributing Correspondents." This new applicant for a place in the life and on the study table of busy workers is a symptom of the times which is at once encouraging and menacing. Surely there seems to be room for such a medium of exchange, such a news letter that will convey tidings of things done and to be done, but as certainly there seems to be no room for one thing more, either in the pocketbooks or the time, or on the tables, of these workers. Of starting journals there is no end in these days; and the days of these journals fit into another biblical phrase: "Their days are short and full of trouble." Magazines of this kind die about as rapidly as they live. Someday, perhaps, there will be a better co-ordination of printing forces, and the economy of co-operation will be better understood and better realized. Meanwhile we welcome this new venture and read its pages with interest; we hope that the publication will demonstrate that there are more than twenty centers in Chicago whose social and civic work is carried on in the spirit of this journal, along lines represented by the twenty-four "Contributing Correspondents" alluded to. The Editorial Committee consists of Mr. Peter Postelneck, Mr. Sidney A. Teller, Miss Harriet Vittum and Miss Louise Walthier. It is informing and encouraging to read the list of the "Contributing Correspondents," published in the *Journal's* editorial card, as follows:

Abraham Lincoln Centre.
Art Institute of Chicago.
Association House.
Central School (Evanston) Parents' Teachers' and Alumni Association.
Chicago Hebrew Institute.
Eli Bates House.
Elizabeth Marcy Center.
Esther Falkenstein Settlement.
Fallon School Social Center.
Forward Movement Settlement.
Frederick Douglas Center.
Henry Booth House.
Hull House.
Lincoln School (Evanston) Parents' and Teachers' Association.
Maxwell Settlement.
Neighborhood House.
Northwestern University Settlement.
Olivet Institute.
Skinner School Social Center.
Social Service Club.
South Deering Neighborhood Center.
Washington School (Evanston) Neighborhood Club.
Wendell Phillips Settlement.
West Park No. 2.

"How Shall We Dance"

With a negligible minority, among the technically religious, the world has accepted as true the Bible dictum that "there is a time to dance." Dancing is older than man. The birds sing and strut and the lambkins gambol. Dancing is allied to melody. It is the social instinct making common cause with art.

It would be impossible as it is undesirable to eliminate the rhythm out of life and the joy that comes from an expression of the same. Spite of this, perhaps on this account, dancing is a dangerous and difficult indulgence. The "Dance Hall" represents the most dangerous places of resort in a great city. There the unwary take their first wayward step; the exhileration, at first so innocent, becomes an intoxication most dangerous.

Just now there seems to be, in Chicago at least, a revelry of the dance, a rioting on the dance floors that is most disturbing and distressing. There has sprung up a whole brood of new and fantastic girations and attitudes, posturings and movements that call for a new lot of names: "The Tango" and the "Dip," the "Hesitation," the "Chicken Scratch," and more cryptic titles beyond our knowledge. Whether these questionable forms of amusement started with the elite and have sifted downward among the multitude of young people, necessitating vigorous action on the part of Park Commissioners and Playground Directors, we do not know. But we read in the "announcements" of popular family clubs, in the favored residential districts, of "Tango Classes" proving very popular and being largely attended by the dames as well as the misses of the clubs. We read of special high "functions," organized in the interest of certain Crying "Charities," where the "censorship was lifted and all the newer dances indulged in and enjoyed." One significant fact remains, that recently the South Park Commissioners in Chicago have placed their stamp of approval on action taken by certain directors of the South Park Playground who have issued in their rules and regulations a list of ten dances that are "positively prohibited." To the uninitiated it would seem that what is improper in the Davis Square Field House cannot be so very proper at the Blackstone; and what is vulgar or dangerous in the Stockyards district cannot be very refining in the Kenwood and Woodlawn club houses.

Herein lies the perplexity of the social worker. Dancing cannot be eliminated from society,—it would be a sad day for society were such elimination possi-

ble,—still, dancing is always in danger of becoming not only the most fascinating, but the most idle and indulgent of pastimes. The endless waltz, the two-by-two swinging round and round and round, until the breath is exhausted, is followed by an interval that allows the overheated to fasten themselves to the wall in idle and practically silent inanity until the recovered breath starts again on its monotonous swing. This, continued until the "wee sma' hours" of the night, offers the minimum of intellectual culture or even social enjoyment aside from the swinging joys of partners.

What is there to be done about it? Is it not possible to inject into the dance program an occasional interlude of poetry and song? During the three hours intercourse, which is too often stretched to four or five, is it not possible to give an occasional fifteen minutes to something else,—a gathering around the piano for the singing of a few old-time favorites, laden with both music and feeling. "Annie Laurie," "Swanee River," and the rest of them? Would it not be possible for someone interested in the social center work to inject a poem from a recent, or an unknown, source; to tell a story, or at least, to "make an announcement" of something good observed or pending. And then, is there not something beside the waltz, even in its most chastened form, that will gratify the hunger for melody and make the feet move rhythmically.

In our playground and small park assemblies, expert workers are spending much time and energy in trying to revive or reproduce the folk-dances of the elder world. The picturesque movements, for instance, of Scandinavian peasants, Swiss milkmaids, Irish lassies and old English swains, and the reward is worthy the effort. There is patriotism and history, as well as the poetry of motion, in these dances. But while they are at it, why should they not continue until they revive some of the delightful folk dances of America. The graceful cotillions and quadrilles that made the "Quilting Bees," "Corn Huskings," and long winter nights in the clearings, so full of hearty jollity, healthy activity and social release. Why not try again "Money-musk," "Pop Goes the Weasel," the "Arkansas Traveler," and the many more movements, unknown to the present writer, which were danced with such healthy vigor, in "hard-times" and calico by our fore-elders? If, with the revival of the old movements, there could be for dramatic effect, at least, a revival of the old costumes, it might add zest to the dance. Before it is altogether too late, can there not be a movement inaugurated at our "social centers" by our "settlement workers," to bring about a revival in this direction? This perhaps is one way to counteract the dangerous innovations from foreign fields.

We are assured by experts that all these forbidden dances are capable of being danced innocently, but that the objection lies in the fact that they offer opportunity for the dancers to forget the boundaries of propriety and ignore the prudent courtesies. Before the last "Fiddler" is dead who knows how to "Call Off" and "fiddle," too, let our directors of playgrounds take lessons of him and thus perpetuate wholesome recreations for the simpler and more industrial generations of American life.

THE POET

He died. Rich heritage of faith and hope
He left to him who tills the barren slope.
All wealth was his, for silver cressets lit
His way through life, and fancy fashioned it!
The heart's true goodness, his abiding wealth;
No one could filch it in light-fingered stealth,
Nor moth nor rust corrupt; dying he bequeathed
His riches to us, flowers immortal wreathed.
The brightest stars, new-minted by the night,
Shine on his rest, beside a gentle height.
The sighing winds the leafy branches wave
In requiems sweet above his quiet grave.
The springing grass no change of season heeds;
There dewy diamonds write his loving deeds!

ALONZO RICE.

Shelbyville, Indiana.

THE SURGEON

As high priest, teaching an acolyte,
He watches over each holy rite,
The flame and water to make them clean—
Body, and garment, and weapons keen—
With sacred care for a sacred strife;
To rout a foe in the House of Life!
For blade and body must both be pure,
And hand be steady, and eye be sure,
And weapons purged in the fiery glow,
Whenever he wars against a foe.

With joy of battle his soul is rife,
Behold! He enters the House of Life!
His flashing blade, it is dripping red—
He follows fast where the trail has led,
To the sacred shrine with ruby throne
Where Life has fought with the foe alone.
As the high priest's hand may lift the Veil,
He boldly enters the holy pale;
His hand is steady, his weapon bright—
The foe is vanquished and put to flight!
And Life awakens, with anguished breath;
For Man has grappled and beaten—Death!

From Lippincott's. *Anne McQueen.*

One evening Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson were dining together at the Players' Club of New York, when the former made the suggestion that they write a letter to Mark Twain. "But," objected Mr. Wilson, "we don't know where he is," for it was at a time when Mr. Clemens was away traveling somewhere. "Oh," said Professor Matthews, "that does not make any difference. It is sure to find him. I think he is some place in Europe, so we had better put on a five cent stamp." So the two sat down and composed a letter which they addressed to

Mark Twain
God Knows Where.

Within three weeks they received a reply from Mr. Clemens which said briefly, "He did."
From Little Stories About Mark Twain.

THE PULPIT

RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION

From Fetishism to Theism

A Sermon Preached by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
January 19, 1913

Being the Fifth and Last Sermon in the Course on
"Life on the Road, or, Whitherbound"

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer

Infinite Nearness, Infinite Mystery, thou art nearer to us than our own selves, and yet thou dost inhabit immensity. Thou art the thought of our thinking, and still thy ways are past finding out. Thou who art order and power and terror, and yet whose love encircles us, whose care protects us, whose providence guides us through darkness to the light, through weakness to strength, through doubt to trust. Help thy children Father, this morning, to realize thy presence in the beauty about us and the yearnings within us. Help us Father, to feel our kinship with the stars and to read the blush of shame upon our cheeks and the humility and guilt in our hearts. All are revelations leading us to the thing we ought to be. Father, our words fail, our sentences break, our songs falter, but in death as in life we are thine. In our ignorance as in our knowledge we would ever be consciously near thee, and still ever nearer to thee. Amen.

Sermon

I believe in no God that can be denied. I ask for no faith in realities that can be doubted. I plead for no peculiar presence of the Divine. I know of no adequate definition of the Infinite. I cannot measure the Eternal. I am only sure of one thing,—that a God that I can explain and expound is no adequate God for my worship. You say you do not believe in God. Very well, what do you believe in? You believe in Power, you believe that there is a Persistent Energy; you will admit that there is that Potency in the universe that swings the stars, that moves the tides, and changes the seasons? You answer, "Of course I do." Do you believe that that Power is orderly? Will you believe in the astronomer's almanac that is compiled perhaps once in every ten years in the observatory at Greenwich, which tells you at what moment and what second, any one of the thousand stars charted will appear at a given point in the heavens? Will you believe the botanist who tells you,—as Emerson says,—that "Nature loves the number 'five,' and ever reveals herself in star forms?" "Certainly! I believe in Order."

Next do you believe that this Power and this Order ever breaks into that which delights the eye, charms the ear, paints the butterfly's wing in matchless tints, teaches the bird to sing, and has so shaped your eye and ear that they delight in beauty and harmony? Do you believe in Beauty?" "Certainly!"

Once more,—do you doubt that somehow the universe is poised in a balance which does not confuse the work in the laboratory, so that the chemist counts absolutely on the fidelity of his scales? and futher that this law of balance reaches into the farthest realm of human kind? Do you believe that the ages have written deep in the experience of man

> "That round and round we run;
> And ever the Truth comes uppermost,
> And ever is Justice done?"

"Surely!" Then you believe in Justice!

And still once more,—do you not believe that the power that plants the rose, and orders the cycle of the stars, which enables us confidently to calculate the return of the eclipse and to measure the tides,—brings the blush to the cheek of the sinner, shame and guilt into the heart of the faithless, and causes us to beat our heads on sleepless pillows when duty is insulted, and the right is not served? "Surely I believe in that!"

Very well then, do you disclaim your belief in God that you may better affirm your profound belief in Power, Order, Justice, Beauty, Duty? Well spell it that way! They represent the God you worship, the God you believe in, the God who reveals himself in potency, who is coextensive with the universe so far as you can reach, and has so ordered the laws of your thinking that you can extend that power beyond the outward reach of the telescope. We will believe, you say, in the order that breaks into beauty, that rights itself in justice, that puts into the heart of man a sense of obligation and of duty.

This, then, is the God *you* believe in! If you prefer to spell the name with five rather than three letters, if you prefer to say "Nature" rather than "God," then I join with you in your devotions all the same. Emerson long ago said: "If you want to believe in God, multiply the synonyms." Choose your own words, the more the better, and then your vocabulary will be inadequate. Edwin Arnold has given us a beautiful collection of ancient parables, epigrams and songs, which he has entitled "Pearls of Faith"; based upon the Moslem rosary, which consists of three strings, thirty-three beads on each string, and each bead standing for a name of Allah. The ninety-nine names of Allah in the Moslem ritual include "The All-seeing," "The All-Loving," "The Merciful," "The Forgiving," "The Help in Peril," "The Bestower," "The Terrible," "The Majestic," etc. And still, though each name breaks into song, or serves as a peg upon which to hang a parable of searching beauty and appeal, when we have reached the ninety-ninth, we are as much as ever in need of an adequate name for deity. Whom we call God, the Moslems call Allah, and one name no more than the other adequately represents the Infinite. Each name breaks down the moment you make for it exclusive claim. Your affirmations are acceptable; your negations, your boundaries and your lines are offensive and insolent. Sure we are that there is not one verity that is Power, another that is Order, another Beauty, still another Justice and a fifth that is Duty. There are not ninety-nine different deities celebrated in the Ritual of the Moslems, but one.

Can we go a little farther and ask whence comes this sense of beauty, law and order? How was born in the human heart this thought of God? Can we trace Life on the Road, moving onward and upward, not only form Worm to Biped, from Brawn to Brain, from Tyranny to Democracy, from Hatred to Love, but from the lower, groveling, confused conception of God, to this conception of God that identifies him with his universe, that synthesises the verities, that opens the mind and heart to understand unities in different

creeds, which make a chorus of the faiths of humanity?

Down there on the lower realm of human life, the scholars discover what they call fetishism; surviving still in the darker corners of the darkest continent. There, man touched with the mystery and the awe of some peculiar thing or place, feels the prompting of the untutored heart, which meets the inquiry of the untrained mind, and lo! clothes the thing or place with divine sanctities. This man wears around his neck the talisman that will ward off the evil power. He carries about him the sacred stone that will drive away disease. This "thing" worship comes clear down to this day, and is present in some corner of the modern mind when that mind tries to interpret its profound anxiety and feeling.

It is hard to find the boy who does not carry a lucky stone in his pocket and the lucky stone is generally one that has a hole in it, or in some way is peculiarly marked. Probably, if I searched this audience I would find a pocket-piece, the loss of which would bring anxiety. Maybe a "Rabbit's foot" to keep off the rheumatism. Perhaps the "buckeye" which is said to ward off the ague or similar calamities. Many a ring, or charm clothed with some kind of mystic power is worn by those claiming to be civilized and rational. Many a wife has shed bitter tears when her wedding-ring is lost or broken. For is not this an omen of ill-luck? Thus we find man, on the lower rungs of life's ladder, touched with a sense of mystery, and yearning for some communication with the power beyond and behind the visible world.

Rising, we find the world becoming a ghost world to the human heart; every tree has its Dryad, every hillock its Gnome, every graveyard is haunted with ghosts. A world of spirits, shadows the world of things. Primitive man looks into the spring and sees there a reflection of his own face,—it is the "other self"—that self, which he remembers, last night left the body and went on the hill and killed a deer. He finds his beating heart and the pulse he feels at his wrist, beyond his control,—it must be the working of that "other self" that yesterday he saw in the pool, and last night went hunting on the hill. He is gripped with pain in the stomach, knowing not the laws of digestion, knowing not of the stomach,—it is the "other self" who is indignant and tortures him. The time comes when this bodily house lies cold and dead, is of no further use,—that "other self" must somehow have escaped this house; that "other self" may still haunt the burying ground. For the benefit of that "other self" rice and meat are placed on the grave; the favorite horse and companionable dog, aye, the bow and arrows are buried in the grave that they may minister to the needs of the deathless self.

Thus we come into that other realm of religion which scholars call "animism," the worship of spirits that haunt every tree and place.

Slowly but surely man rises until he comes to clothe these very attributes with personalities. Thus came the rich "Polytheism" of Greece and Rome, where the great virtues and the great needs of human nature were personified into twelve major, and countless minor, divinities.

Slowly but surely the patriarchs of a tribe came to elect their own divinities as superior to all others. So in the early Jewish economy, they believed in many gods, but Yehveh was their favorite, and they believed that while they were loyal to him he would help them. That is the basis of what the books call "Henotheism."

At last the experiences of life and the discoveries of the mind, moving steadily onward and upward, insist that back of the idea of many spirits, which gave the twelve deities representing the adoration of Greece, was the one Power. This is a truth of which Sokrates and Plato laid hold, and of which the Greek poets sang. So out of many gods, through a preferred god, we come to the one god, who "sitteth above the circle of the Heavens,"—as the Great Unknown Hebrew poet sang.

At last this one God who sits far above on the circle of the heavens, is recognized. The one God who at the beginning wrought the world, wound the clock of the universe, then left it to go by its own momentum except when, once in a while, creative power was needed to change the combination, to introduce another wheel, to add another efficiency, and by miracle and historic event, to unfold to man His written law, His code of the heavenly life.

But the march of mind sweeps steadily on until at last comes this benign synthesis, this great unification that finds all words inadequate, because all times and all places are permeated with the same mystery, represented by all the loyalties,—the existence of which you admit, and which no one can deny,—indicated by the ninety-nine beautiful names for Allah, and many more for Deity," all meaning but "The One."

I have tried to sketch on one thumb-nail this last chapter in the evolution of life, which is the most fascinating and bewitching of all. The development of the body into the upright form is indeed a poem. So also is the unfolding of wit, domesticity and love. In the growth from the mind of the feeble, primitive man, who stood in terror of the forces of nature, into that large, confident sense of citizenship in the universe, revealed in the highest reaches of the Old Testament and expressed in the noblest measures of modern poets and prophets, we trace an evolution more wonderful than all that has preceeded.

Shall I try and dig to the roots of this theism I speak of? Perhaps the earliest religion came from a sense of fear. At least, so has Shakespeare and Browning interpreted it in Caliban, who ventures his atheism and waxes bold in his infidelity when the sun shines and the sky is clear, but when the sky lowers, the lightning flashes and the thunder breaks upon his ear, then he cowers in humiliation and begs his god's pardon and his god's mercy. But I believe a better and a truer reading of primitive man will find a trust in, along with the fear of, the forces which are too much for him. There must have broken early upon the mind of man a sense of beauty. I cannot think that primitive man was incapable of feeling awe at the rising sun, or that he was untouched by the melodies of the birds, or unconscious of the perfume of the flowers. Way down as far as we can go we find man touched with the sense of beauty. Away back there before all historic time, the man who lived contemporary with the hairy elephant, the mammoth and the forgotten reptiles, in his leisure moments, took to etching his thoughts of beauty on ivory tusks. Way up there on the Northwest coast of this continent, the Indian, with labored delight and much patience, and not a little skill, carves his totem poles and paints them with rude colors. The Indian squaw, out there on the

desert, weaves her baskets into symmetric form, and tints them with roots and stains chosen for their color and the grace they will lend to her handiwork. So even primitive man's faith rests not only in fear but in a sense of beauty; and I believe that, if we could enter into the psychology of primitive man, we would find there a sense of awe, of mystery, of love, touched first by the throbbings of a mother's heart and the yearnings of a child towards father and mother. The love roots of religion strike deep in the heart of life. So fundamental are these love roots which we sometimes, in our conceit, ascribe only to the higher forms of religion,—something peculiar to Christianity,—that we find them down there among the chimpanzees. Darwin tells us of a brave grandfather monkey, who, when a little half grown monkey was being harried and worried by a pack of dogs threatening its life, left his safe place on a ledge of rock, and at the risk of life dashed into the pack of dogs, seized the infant, and carried it in his arms to a place of safety. Both Love and Duty are revealed there! Love and duty reach beyond our power of understanding, into the simple ritual of the savage and the untutored prayers of the Indian.

I find the roots of the thought of God planted deep in the heart of man. First revealed in a sense of awe, in terror of the universe—the mighty power that when indignant tears trees up by the roots and swamps boats; second, in the losing of his fear, and rising up into a sense of beauty, where he cherishes harmony and breaks into music. Then comes the love element and the sense of duty, as he climbs the ladder of faith. Man has risen from fetishism, the worship of things, to animism, the worship of gods; to polytheism, that multiplies the divinities answering to the needs of the human heart; to henotheism, that seeks one out of many as the chosen god; up to a sense of oneness, a creative energy that at last breaks into the unspeakable God, in all and through all,—The One,—"in whom we live and move and have our being," whose kingdom lies within. I might go on to the end of my hour quoting scripture and poetry dear to our hearts, revealing to our minds, and consoling to us in our hours of toil and distress.

But still the spirit of doubt is abroad, and I am sorry to think of how many will find, even get comfort, perhaps inspiration, in the destruction of the old sanctities. O it is easy to make fun of the altars of the race! It is easy to call that absurd, which once fed the souls and comforted the hearts of men, but it is a graceless task, a profitless activity. It is an ungracious intelligence that heaps ridicule upon the grandmother loyalties and is out of sympathy with the tenderness and sacredness of the grandfather's fidelities. O you young men and you young women in this presence, lend not yourselves to the flippant attitude of life that would empty these God words of history of their prophetic significance. The sacred words and sacred rites are left behind on account of their inadequacy to express the something more, not the something less.

"Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

That is not rational which denudes life of beauty, undermines faith, and makes flippant the altar habits of the race. I plead for that theism that reaches the innermost sanctities of the soul, that makes one feel at home at any altar, and enables one to join in any anthem and say "amen" to any prayer; knowing that however inadequately these represent ones own aspirations they are rungs in the ladder upon which man has climbed, the weapons with which he has fought the battle of life. Let us read the gospel of religion as told in the story of man in terms of reverence. For surely our flippant denials are more irreligious than the crudest serious affirmations.

I hear three profound objections to this or any thought of God. One, "I cannot believe in a God, for if there was one he would not permit these horrible things to take place. I cannot believe in a god that visits such awful tortures, and permits such moral outrages." It is not for me to interpret the ways of the Eternal, but it is for me, as for you, to escape the egotism and the foolishness that would undertake to measure the divine providence by our little measuring string. Let us take a longer line! A farther look! Sink deeper the plummet into our own hearts and realize humbly our incapacity to pass judgment on the universe. At least is it not true, that out of trouble and pain peace is born, that out of our "stony griefs Bethels we raise," and that on sleepless pillows we wrestle and gain the strength that at last enables us to find the "peace that passeth understanding?"

A second objection: "Such a God is too remote! I want a human God, I want a pitying God, I want a forgiving God, a mediator to whom I may go." O soul, do not look so far away! Find the God you need expressing himself in the enfolding arms of mother, revealing himself in the ever increasing justice and mercy of courts, in the ever growing humaneness of legislation; revealing himself more and more in what we call "the humanities," they are the divinities also, and come from some source beyond the ken of men. They are older in origin than man-made institutions.

Comte formulated a religion that seemed very satisfying to many of the scientists of the last generation. He said "humanity is our God. Here we find the climax of the crown of creation. Beyond humanity we find nothing. Before humanity what we find is unworthy and uninspiring." I yield to no man in my respect for that great thinker, a wise and good man. I have read him with pleasure and believe I can enter into the argument he presents to a degree, nevertheless, the philosophy that would fix man at the apex of the spiritual life, and expect to find humanity, either as individuals or as an entirety an adequate presentation of the potency of the universe, is more nearly allied to the worshiping of the lucky stone than to the thought of the prophet who heeds the message of the stars. Intimate and tender and near as are my relations to the great prophet souls of history, much as I am indebted to Shakespeare and Emerson and the rest of them, I am more nearly allied to the sun than I am to any or all of them. I am more indebted to the rain and the seasons, than I am to any product thereof in human form. We rise out of our humanity into a universality that is not grinding, not terrible, not crushing to the individual. Truly George Eliot said: "Growing thought makes growing revelation." The greatest philosopher of modern times, he who changed the thinking of the world—Emanuel Kant—said: "Two things challenge my reverence; the starry

heavens above, the sense of ought within." And the "sense of ought within" is as cosmic as the "starry heavens above," and the power that shaped and arranged the pleiades planted the sense of duty in my heart. I can trace the course of that power a step or two in each direction, and then comes a limit, an end, a sense of awe and mystery. One realizes, by studying the long line of history, that hell itself is a way station on the road to heaven, that sin is immaturity, that crime is discipline to the blind and faltering children of the infinite, on their way to I know not what, —but that somewhat must be worth while the long road tramp. The book of the future is not written but this life is the preface thereto, and it is a magnificent preface, the promise of something supernally fine.

Alexander Smith, in that beautiful book of his, "Dreamthorpe," describes an experience of his childhood. He witnessed a double execution in Scotland. In the early morning hour of a sunny May day, just before the trap was touched which would swing the two criminals into eternity, from the foot of the gallows, out of the grass, there flew a lark that winged its way upward over the crowd, over the gallows, singing, singing, and as the harsh click of the trap fell upon his ears, the song of the lark was still heard. Up there in the sky, winging its way towards the sun, over ocean and mountain, the song of the bird entered the blue. So to your heart and mine, every gallows is touched somehow and somewhere with a skylark's song. The nature that brought the clumsy administration of justice into the human realm has, I will believe, resources that enables the soul to sing its skylark song when the chapter is completed, when the fifth act of the drama is reached.

O let us not measure God by our short line, or expect to rim his providence by our yard stick. The pulse in my wrist is allied to the tides of the ocean. The eclipse is akin to the blush on the maiden's face. The earthquake that brought terror to San Francisco was the same power that lifted the Rockies on their heights, and softened their sides with the great trees, and brought John Muir to interpret the same. The book has not yet been completed. Says Eucken, one of the latest prophets, who is teaching us to interpret science in the terms of the spirit: "He who would know love must begin by loving."

Of all the statues in Rome which attracted my attention, which stays with me the longest, and has brought to me most inspiration and the subtilest interpretations of life and destiny, is the heroic statue of Marcus Aurelius, the pagan, riding his horse on the Capitoline Hill, with his arm extended, manfully protecting his prisoners of war from his own soldiery. Marcus Aurelius was not a Christian but he was a child of the universe, and somehow the potency of the universe must have reached up through the monarch's heart, to this moment of supreme triumph; in the attitude of earthly glory, he interpreted for the universe the laws of tenderness, of pity, of mercy and of love.

O I look at the gruesome facts! I take full note of the claw, the horn, the fang and the hoof! But I do not forget to put alongside of these the edelweiss that blooms into beauty at the foot of the glacier, the night-blooming Cereus that breaks into matchless beauty away out on the desert, and the maiden's blush speaking of a beauty and a love that has in it no guile.

A third objection: "What about prayer?" "I don't see who you pray to." "Prayer is certainly a human superstition." There are friends in this neighborhood who would like to come in and hear me preach if I would only quit praying. There are many who cannot interpret prayer in other terms than those which reflect upon the intelligence of the one who prays, or the majesty of the object prayed to. Prayer, as I understand it, is as inevitable to the spirit as the turning of the sunflower to the sun. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." You say, "why try to express it?" Simply because speech is the great instrument of thought and thought is the inspiration to action. The providence that gave me the power of speech and charged my mind with splendid words, gave me tools out of which to shape my ideas. Tools by which I may work out some of the complicated problems of life in phrases. I know, as well as you do, that signs and lines on the blackboard are not geometry, that diagrams are not mathematics. But I know, as you ought to know, that you cannot go very far in working out the problems of geometry without the help of diagrams. You know the letters and signs are not algebra, but you cannot go very far in working out an equation without the help of symbols and signs. I pray, then, because I must and not because I want to. I pray because I think, I pray because I want to shape my thoughts into worthy phrases, so that perchance they may not only help me but you. You say, "why not go and pray by yourself, did not Jesus tell you to pray in your closet?" Aye, verily; but slowly with the ages, the conscience has become a social conscience, and we find that together we may not only do things that we could not do separately, but together, under proper conditions, we may feel things, yearn for things, breathe resolutions and dare undertakings that we cannot and do not singly and alone.

O, I beg of you men and women, who think that God is nearer to you in the woods than in church,—that somehow the Infinite is more pleased with pussy willows than pulpits, that somehow life gains more inspiration from pines than from poets,—to look well into your own hearts, to search deeply your own consciences and see if the pine trees do lift your hearts toward worship as much as the words of the preacher and the psalms of the Congregation. May not the church, more than the pines, help you to come close to the human hearts tuned by similar aspirations? So I find room for prayer in the religion that is an evolution from Fetishism to Theism, from the naked Hottentot to Emerson and Browning.

"What are you praying for?" It does not matter much only so it is prayer. For the Power I believe in answers to my needs and not to my foolish requests. I believe that that answer is inevitable because the forces of the spirit are as real as the forces of matter. "Father, if need be let this cup pass from me" is the prayer of the mortal; "Nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt" is the divine answer prompt and sure and real.

"O yes," you say, "I believe in prayer, but do not believe in prayers?" But I believe in prayers because I believe in words. I believe in prayers because I believe in the organ, because I need the help of Beethoven and Mozart and the other great tone masters to train my ears to the harmony that fills the universe which I, myself, cannot conceive of, much less sound.

Harmony that when sounded for me my heart responds and climbs.

I like that parable of Tolstoy's which tells of the missionary Bishop who started out to convert the heathen. On the way the Captain of the ship called attention to a lonely little desert island. He said "That is where three pious men, who are striving to live the holy life, have lived by themselves for many, many years." The Bishop said, "I would like to know them, put me a'shore." It was done, and he found there three, poor, half-naked mendicants, living on such meager food as could be obtained from the sea, for the island was stony and yielded no sustenance. The men had been there so long that they had forgotten much, but they were doing the best they could. The Bishop said, "Do you pray?" They said: "We pray the little prayer we can, but we are simple and do not know many prayers." "How do you pray," asked the Bishop. They replied "You three have mercy on us three." The Bishop was shocked by the inadequate prayer. He said "Here is the place for me to begin," and so he proceeded to teach them the Lord's prayer. "Our Father who art in heaven,—now you say it." They tried, got a little way, stumbled and had to begin again. But by working all the evening he succeeded in teaching them the Lord's Prayer, and he left them in the morning. However, the ship had been gone but a few hours, when there appeared on the horizon a glittering spot. The captain took an observation, and lo! it was a boat following the ship. It was the three mendicants rowing strenuously to overtake the ship, the latter hove to and took them aboard. They exclaimed: "O Brother, we have forgotten your prayer, teach it to us again!" The Bishop touched with a larger wisdom said: "Never mind my children. Go back and pray the prayer you know in your own way. You are justified." And the tradition was that for several days afterwards, at the point on the railing over which the mendicants returned to their boat, the sailors saw a bright and radiant light. That is the lesson of prayer! Sincerity, simplicity, a yearning for something, a hunger for communion. But as song needs the help of the organ, so all the forces of life need help, all the social needs of the community require expression, if they are to be realized. Prayer is a blessing beyond any argument that may be woven, and an experience more profound than any feeble Christian or conscious sinner may know of or follow.

O! let us believe in these things which cannot be denied. I end as I began by saying: I believe in no God whose existence can be disputed. The only credentials of the Infinite are those found in the make-up of the world. Not a di-verse, not a multi-verse, but a uni-verse! Democracy,—that other word which comes to us from nature, is cosmic in its reach, the ordered thing, the regulated world,—I ask you to believe in that.

Then let the infinite mystery break in on your life and mine, not through one but through many windows of the spirit. Let us climb through the limiting of things sacred, to the thought of an imminent God, reached by many roads and not alone by one. By music, by beauty, by speech, and above all by sacrifice and by consecration. Let us go with the spirit, out of fetishism, the worship of "things," which is not all confined to Africa mind you,—for not all the lesser gods are of ancient history,—out of polytheism, which is not confined to ancient Greece or Rome. Search your own heart, look into the community about you and find polytheism is rampant. God hunting, is imminent, and "thing" worship, almost dominant at times, when we fail to fear the one God.

When aspiration fails remember, at least, the vision of Baron Bunsen, who, looking into the face of his dying wife, said: "In thy face have I seen the Eternal." And it was that vision which enabled him to write of "God in History."

"Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn
Blue ran the flash across
Violets were born.

"Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
Splendid, a star!

"World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face!"

In the safety of thy love, in the reverence that befits worshippers in thy temple of immensity, help us father to go forth in thy conscious presence, seeking the life that is hid in thee, which is the life of duty. Amen.

"The Voice from the Pew."

After a long silence from any cause we often find it difficult to break into speech, much less into song; but "it is well to have a bit of silence now and then, for out of it may come a psalm." So, from out this long silence on the part of the Voice from the Pew there broke a psalm of praise and thanksgiving this morning as the noble, vigorous utterances of our pastor vibrated to the farthest corners of the auditorium of Lincoln Centre.

Thankful, oh, so thankful for the privilege of worshipping with such a fearless company under so fearless a leader; thankful for the choice of scriptures read and the selections of noble poems and hymns used in the service; but, above all, thankful for the atmosphere that pervaded the service and the feeling of *togetherness* as well as reverence that came to the writer.

The Scripture reading (Luke xii:15-21) might easily have been the inspiration for the noble thoughts of Ruskin which inspired our pastor's sermon this morning, and those of the two previous Sundays; and surely no words could have been more timely than those of the three sermons just delivered under the topic of "The Three Deadly D's of Ruskin." Specifically they were: (1) Dress; (2) Diet; (3) Debt.

How searching and fearless were our pastor's utterances only those who are in the habit of regular attendance on his ministry can know. And while a large audience has listened to these discourses, still "The Voice" yearned over the absent ones who lose so much of life's enrichment by absenting themselves from the synagogue on the Sabbath day. Of course I am referring to those who voluntarily absent themselves. It is so fatally easy to form the habit of non-attendance on the Sunday service that the occasions should be very rare when we allow anything to hinder us from being in our places in the house set apart for communion with God and his prophets.

For, sooner, or *later*, in spite of the innumerable distractions of wealth, society, "club-dom," or what-

ever else, we must "come to God" by one road or another. We *must* seek that which only God can give us, else He compels us. How much we should gain if we regularly stepped with our company instead of having to be drawn back into line by our commander!

All day long the closing words of the Scripture lesson have sounded in my ears—"and is not rich toward God." What riches on earth can be comparable to "riches toward God?" Do we not daily see the hollowness, the UNSATISFATORINESS (no other word quite expresses it) of *any* but spiritual riches? If we assiduously sought riches toward God the questions of Dress, Diet and Debt, would be very easily solved by us—and "many be added to the kingdom."

But there are two kinds of debts, and the one I would *not* have us free from is the sense of our debt to each other—our obligation to think kindly toward each other, encourage by our presence as well as our money those to whom we owe allegiance; and our debt to our weaker brothers. Each of us has an influence over some one weaker, and if we are as eagerly searching after "riches toward God" as we should be, that influence may, unconsciously to us, be the needed thread which will help "anchor" our weaker brother.

A poem by our recent distinguished visitor, Mr. Edwin Markham, so aptly supplements Mr. Jones' words and experiences that I append it, believing it to be a "debt" to pass along every good thing of which we may become possessed:

ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE.

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands—
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep—
Thought after thought until the little cord
Has greatened to a chain no chance can break,
And—we are anchored to the Infinite!

Sunday Night, Feb. 9, 1913. VIVA VOCE.

English Poetry and the Social Question

RUDYARD KIPLING AND WILLIAM WATSON, A CONTRAST.

RUDYARD KIPLING.—In Mr. Kipling, we again find a poet who seems utterly removed from all that we know as the social question. You may read his poems from beginning to end, and find not a single indication of any realization on his part that the souls of men are working out their eternal destinies in the slums of London, in the factories of Birmingham and Manchester, or even under the lonely stars of Hardy's Wessex. Kipling is the poet of imperialistic England, the bard of her armies and navies, the singer of her conquests beyond the seas, the laureate of her military glory in distant lands. The English flag which has fluttered in "the winds of the world," the English "cruisers" and "destroyers" and "merchantmen" which float on every ocean, the bell-buoys and light-houses that guard the coasts of England, the red-coated soldiers who have fought her battles under every sky, the white man's burden, the South African War, the legends of India—these are the themes which have stirred the soul of Kipling, and inspired him to chant his noblest measures. One matchless poem, "Mary, Pity Women," shows what he might have done had he turned his attention to the problem of the humble soul in agony. One noble song, "The Wage Slaves," shows what a poet of the masses he might have been, had he been as much interested in the English workingman as in the English soldier. But the very loneliness of these poems proves the limitation of his interest. Kipling is the poet-laureate of militarism, empire, war, conquest, barbarism. His greatest poem was penned when the British Empire was celebrating the jubilee of Victoria in one mighty outburst of imperial pride. And now that England's interest has shifted from foreign shores to the problems of slum and factory and mine in her own land, Kipling's voice is suddenly mute. Only when there comes a revolt in Ulster against home rule, or a violent struggle with the suffragettes, does he speak, and then in tones so enfeebled that they are hardly recognizable. Never was there a poet more truly expressive of an era than Kipling of the last years of the Victorian—and never a poet also more utterly lost in the passing of the old and the coming of the new.

WILLIAM WATSON.—William Watson, in certain respects the greatest English poet now living, furnishes an almost startling contrast to Kipling. Both poets are keenly interested in the world and its day-by-day happenings. Watson, like Kipling, is an ardent lover of England, and is never so happy as when sounding her praises. But whereas the latter sings her feat of arms, the wide journeyings of her seamen, her "far flung battle line," her "dominion over palm and pine," the former lauds her as the bulwark of liberty, the refuge of the oppressed, the exemplar of justice, righteousness and peace. Kipling's note is always that of the conqueror—Watson's that of the prophet. Kipling wields the sword of the flesh—Watson the sword of the spirit. Kipling tells of the might—Watson of the right. The difference between them was clearly manifested in the bitter days of the Boer War, when Kipling was sounding his wildest jingo measures, and Watson was willing to be stigmatized with Morley and Lloyd-George as a "Pro-Boer" and "Little Englander." What Kipling spoke once, almost by mistake, in his immortal "Recessional," is speech familiar to Watson's inspired lips. All this is stated with admirable precision in his "The True Imperialism," where he says:

"Here while the tide of conquest rolls
Against the distant golden shore,
The starved and stunted human souls
Are with us more and more.

"Your savage deserts howling near,
Your wastes of ignorance, vice, and shame—
Is there no room for victories here,
No field for deeds of fame?

"Arise and conquer while you can
The foe that in your midst resides,
And hold within the mind of Man,
The Empire that abides."

To a man who can write such lines as these, it might well seem that the social question would be something more than a sealed book. And such is actually the case. The references in his early volumes are not many, but all are of potent significance. What could be more terrific, for example, than his "If," wherein he pictures the "halting leaders" of the nation, who "could and would not," summoned before "the Assizes of Eternity," and made to render account for the "ravished

childhood" of the realm? What could be more striking than his "New Year's Prayer," where appear the lines:

"O Thou whose dwelling is eternity,
Who seest the hunger and the toil of men,
And how the love of life and wife and babe
Is brother of hate and sire of deeds and death;
Make terrible Thine arm against all thieves,
Whether in mart or on imperial throne;
And scatter with thy thunder the unjust
Who turn thy pleasance to a wilderness."

What could be more solemnly impressive than his "New National Anthem," where appears the verse:

"Too long the gulf betwixt
This man and that man fixt
Yawns yet unspanned.
Too long, that some may rest,
Tired millions toil unblest.
God lift our lowliest,
God save this land."

But it is in his "New Poems" that Watson has spoken his clearest and boldest message. With what warning eloquence does he address "The Invincible Republic," and find comfort for England and America alike in the fact

"That not alone for stem and blade, for flower
And leaf, but for man also, these are times
Of mighty vernal movement, seasons when
Life casts away the body of this death,
And a great surge of youth breaks on the world."

When was a monster of iniquity blasted with so terrible an irony as that in his sonnet to "Leopold of Belgium?" When has a church, recreant to its social responsibilities, been so pitilessly condemned as in the "Thoughts," which he set down "on revisiting a center of commerce," where a vast cathedral church is being erected; or in the single stanza entitled "The Church Today":

"Outwardly splendid as of old,
Inwardly sparkless, void and cold—
Her force and fire all spent and gone,
Like the dead moon, she still shines on."

Here is the hot fire of indignation against the social wrongs of our time, and especially against that institution which stands indicted either for inefficiency or infidelity, so long as one of these wrongs continues in existence. Here is the true poetic fervor of denunciation and appeal! Not often is this note sounded—but when it is, it rings with splendid power. It would not be fair to call William Watson a poet of the social revolution, nor could it be said that the social movement of the age finds any adequate expression in his writings. But his mind is open and his heart touched, and as years are still before him, he may yet catch up and interpret the inarticulate speech of the masses, which is today vainly striving for expression.

John Haynes Holmes.

The Unitarian Advance for January, 1913.

The Militia Pay Bill

Several dangerous bills are before Congress this winter concerning which every patriot should be alert. The militia pay bill is a revolutionary measure and if passed will be the entering wedge for vast inroads upon the national treasury. The case will be comparable to that which has developed on the question of pensions. In 1879 our pensions had ceased to increase and were less than $30,000,000, but the votes of the old soldiers influenced congressmen and the activities of pension agents have saddled the country with a burden that is heavy to be borne and one that seems to have no end.

Now a danger of similar magnitude threatens to be confirmed under the very eyes of an unthinking public. The bill proposes to transfer the control of all the state guards from the hands of the state, where it has always been, to the federal government, and it is proposed that the latter shall now pay every member for every drill, which hitherto he has undertaken freely. Each officer will receive from $100 to $360, and each private in the militia will receive from $45 to $225, the total amounting to over nine million and a quarter dollars annually at the outset. In the opinion of President Butler of Columbia University, who has strongly opposed the bill, it may amount later to $100,000,000. Congressman Slayden, who bitterly opposes the bill, says that "an officer in the national guard has been heard to say that in a few years the yearly cost for maintaining the militia will be $100,000,000, and after making that statement he added, 'but what of it?'"

If the elderly soldier vote has been extremely influential with candidates it is easy to see how much more powerful the vigorous young militia man's vote will be. An instant inducement is held out to enter a militia that pays for drill, and the rapid increase of militia men and militia cost will follow the passage of the bill. The fearful cost is by no means the chief thing to be considered. The centralization of power, the weakening of the states' rights doctrine, and the building up of a sinister political influence is a menace to free government.

Says Representative Slayden: "If the bill passes the sure result will be the eventual conversion of the citizen soldier of the militia into a professional soldier devoting his whole time and attention to military duties—it will be an army actively engaged in political life and wielding therein an influence so great as to be irresistible when consolidated and exerted in the interest of that army or any of its members."

This new militia is to be sent wherever and whenever the President sees fit in case of any exigency, whether to the Philippines or Mexico, and the state may be left entirely void of protection in case of riot. Were it not that militarism is becoming rampant and arrogant, and that the common people are in danger of being hypnotized into a craven fear of danger such a preposterous scheme would never have been broached. Its carrying out implies a new danger which never existed before if it has any excuse whatever. When we were a small, weak people we needed no such measure. Now that we are strong financially, commercially and in every other way, and have not an enemy in the world, this demand for a larger fighting force is something that taxpayers should put down with a strong hand.

It is a little known but appalling fact that the United States is already spending more for its army and navy, exclusive of pensions, in proportion to its total expenditure, than any other nation in the world except Germany. The United States and Germany each spends 43 per cent. Germany has Russia, France and England to consider and we have absolutely no one to dread. Let every patriot, man or woman, who sees the tremendous significance of this proportional expenditure take the trouble to spend two cents for a stamp and five minutes for a letter and tell his or her congressman of it that he may then in no feeble manner bespeak his opposition to the militia pay bill.

Boston, Mass. *Lucia Ames Mead.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A PERNICIOUS SOCIETY

Prof. Muensterberg of Harvard is a German, and therefore not fanatical on the liquor question. Yet he says:

"We all agree . . . that the American saloon is a most atrocious insult to decent social life, and that its influence on corrupt politics and on intemperate habits is detestable."

In Chicago, as in other cities, there is an organization known as "the United Societies," which, in the name of liberty, resists any attempt to reform or regulate the saloon. Recently the spokesman of this pernicious organization appeared before a committee of the Chicago aldermen to oppose an ordinance regulating dance halls.

"We are organized," he said, "for the purpose of getting as liberal laws as we can. You know that we have state laws providing that liquor shall not be sold between midnight and five o'clock in the morning, but we get permits for our dances that permit liquor being sold up to 3 o'clock. Then there is the 1 o'clock closing ordinance which is another violation of the state law. We do not want these laws enforced."

These statements amount to a confession that the "United Societies," so called, is substantially a conspiracy to violate the laws, and that its members are unjailed lawbreakers.—*Editorial in the Catholic Citizen.*

MENTAL GARMENTS

Under the caption, "The Fashions of this World Passeth," an editorial in the *Universalist Leader* for February 1, after treating interestingly of the ever changing fashions in the apparel of men and women, closes with the following, *apropos* of the fashions of men's minds:

"The significance of what has been noted lies in its relations to another fact. That fact is found in the unchanged mental garments of multitudes of men and women. In the midst of this world of changing fashions of clothes and thought there are millions who pride themselves upon wearing the same set of opinions which they wore twenty years ago. If the ideas of these people were like clothes, and could be seen and compared with other clothes, they would go into the junk almost instantly. Unfortunately ideas and opinions are invisible. And, contrary to every other form in things, they are called sacred. We change the garments we wear, the automobiles in which we ride, the houses in which we live, the food which sustains life, but we consider it almost a crime for one to change his opinions. In churches, in political parties, in ethics, and morality no person is dealt with more harshly than one who today puts deliberately aside some thought or belief which he accepted yesterday. They call him turncoat, traitor, betrayer, scamp. That which should be encouraged in the interest of growing personality we discourage. Even the trees put forth new shoots each day. The fashion of the forest changes with the seasons of the year. Only man is victim of a preposterous and superstitious consistency which demands sameness of fashion in his higher life.

"Sometime an age will be born which will understand the difference between the outward forms and fashions of ideas and those inward principles of faith, hope and love which really abide forever. In that day men will be encouraged to change their ideas for better ones as readily as they do their clothes. Men will then understand that underlying all fashions of garments and ideas there is the expression of an unfolding personality, divinely endowed and forever trying to find a better fit, and a more comfortable dress, and greater freedom for self-expression.

SINCE BABY CAME

Since baby came,
A sweet new blossom from above,
The earth has seemed a better place,
More full of goodness and of love,
More full of glory and of grace
Since baby came.

Since baby came,
The angels seem to hover near,
We hear the rustle of a wing;
We fondly fancy that we hear
Faint echoes of the songs they sing
Since baby came.

Since baby came,
A gem from God without a stain,
Our hearts are purer than before;
The way to heaven seems more plain;
The home eternal draws us more
Since baby came.

From The Standard. *W. C. Martin.*

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A Monthly Magazine of Progress in Religion

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Springfield Republican: Massachusetts.

The author has attempted and accomplished an enormous task—an immense amount of material is collected and compressed into the space of the volume. The quoted portions of the Vedic text are clear and effective and the comments more than commonly readable for even the lay reader.

The Expository Time: London.

Professor Paul Deussen of Kied is one of the great students of Indian literature. His Upanishada has had a wide circulation.

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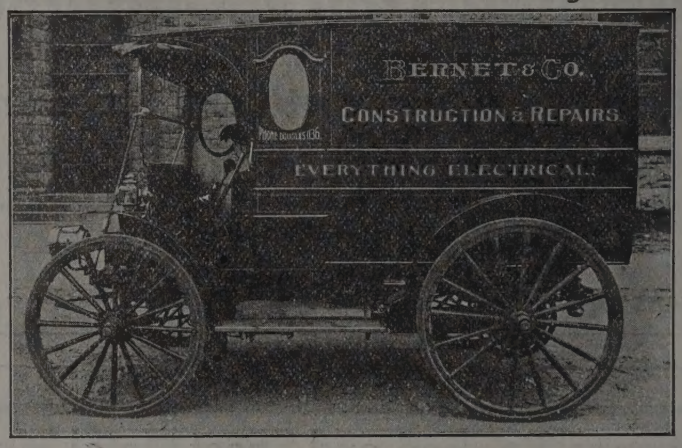

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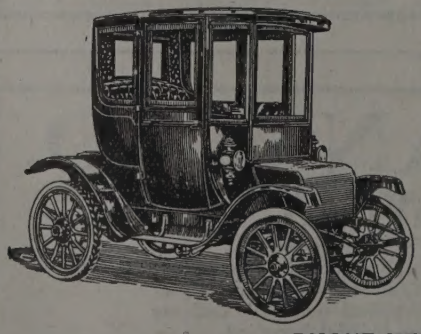

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